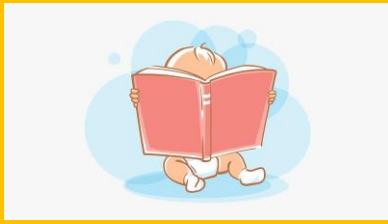


Read, grow, inspire



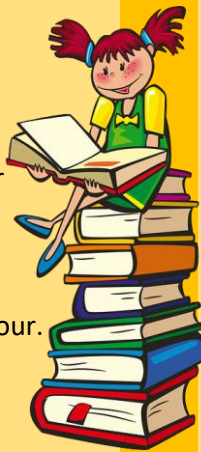
When I was one, I was given a book.
I opened it up and I had a good look.
I banged it and bent it and bit it in places,
Then stared at the colours, the shapes and the faces.
And I wondered what else this odd object could do.
But I didn't find out till the day I turned two.

When I was two, I was given a book.
I opened it up and I had a good look.
I studied the pictures, and then the strange scribbles
That ran through the pages in squiggles and wiggles.
And I wondered *What can those weird wavy lines be?*
But I didn't find out till the day I turned three.

When I was three, I was given a book.
I opened it up and I had a good look.
I learned all the letters and put them together
To make special sounds, and I felt very clever.
I practised a lot, then I practised some more,
And I read my first word on the day I turned four.

When I was four, I was given a book.
I opened it up and I had a good look.
I sat with the cat in the hat on the mat,
And I wished that my cat was a cat just like that.
And I found out how stories like that came alive
With just pictures and words on the day I turned five.

When I was five, I was given a book.
Before it was opened, I had a good look
At the names on the front. And I hoped that one day
I could write my own words in my own special way,
And tell tales that were nobody else's but mine.
And that's just what I did on the day I turned nine.



When I was nine, I was given a book.
I opened it up and I had a good look.
There weren't any pictures or words on the pages.
I picked up a pencil and scribbled for ages.
I made some mistakes and I started again,
And I filled up that book by the time I turned ten.



When I was ten, I showed someone my book.
They opened it up and they had a good look.
And they read it right through, every word, every letter,
Said where I'd done well and where I could do better.
And I listened and learned and continued to try
To improve, to read more as the years passed on by.

As the years passed, I wrote tales, short and long.
I wrote picture books, poetry, lyrics from songs.
I read tales of adventure, excitement and woe,
And each book that I read helped my own stories grow.
Then I bought a computer and opened a folder,
And filled it with stories. And now I am older...

Now I am older I've written a book
You can find in the libraries and shops if you look.
And I travel to schools, and I talk about how
My mind grew as I read to the mind it is now -
How I didn't give up, but kept writing each day.
So, if you want to write in your own special way,
There is nothing to stop you, apart from yourself,
And one day you may see your own book on a shelf.

